

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

THE STUDENT'S BARGAIN.

The following lines are founded on an old German legend.

The student sat in his lonely room,
Heart-sick with his struggle for bread;
The light of his life, his hope, was gone,
And he called on the Devil for aid.

As quick as thought, the Devil came!
The student at the sight
Betrayed no symptom of alarm,
But felt a strange delight.

'Ah, fiend, art here, as soon as bid?'
Said the student with a smile;
'Tis the world's way, when a poor man calls,
To make him wait a while.'

The Devil nodded a grim assent,
And said in accents grave,
'My friend, the people down below
Know better how to behave.'

'They never make others wait for them—
But, prithee, thy business tell;
For I am somewhat short of time,
And must go back soon to hell.'

'Tis soon told, the student quick replied;
'I've wished for fame, for ease, for gold;
The world has them to me denied,
And now it does me bread withhold.'

'Despairing of both earth and heaven,
At length I have summed up;
They would not listen to my prayers,
Now say what you will do!'

Awile the Devil seemed to muse—
And said, 'Friend, had I thy lot—
I have a plan—you can refuse it,
If so you like it not.'

'If I should give you gold, and ease,
And a world-renowned fame,
These all you soon would cease to please,
And you new looms would claim.'

'Try me with these,' the student said;
The Devil answered, 'No!'
Men never exactly like the trade
They make with us below.

'You are a sad, ungrateful race,
And ne'er give me my due;
But what matter? I like your face,
And have taken a fancy to you—'

'Because you ask for what you want,
In plain, straightforward way;
For I always detest a hypocrite,
Whatever men may say.'

'Soon as a wish in your breast shall rise,
I'll grant it—mark me well—
Ere a single moment flies,
If you will say—'Satan!'

'You must pronounce the name aloud,
You need not fear a spy,
The thing shall be a secret kept,
Alike by you and I.'

'Each time you speak this magic word,
A fellow-man will die—
You need not look on his deathly face,
Or hear his thrilling cry.'

The student turned to his grim guest,
And asked in a pleasant voice,
'Devil, of those who are to die,
Pray, may I take my choice?'

'Oh yes,' said the fiend, and bow'd with grace—
'Take any that please thee,
Of any nation, age or race—
It matters not to me.'

'Stop, master, there,' the student cried,
'The bargain then is struck!'
He grasped the demon by the hand,
And blessed his own good luck.

The Devil vanished in a trice—
Now when they this bargain made,
A Turkish army furiously
Laid siege unto Belgrade.

The student found the demon true,
His wishes all were granted;
At the cost of sixty thousand Turks,
He had all that he wanted.

Indeed, for once, old Satan
Did truly pious work;
He made a Christian happy,
And who cares for a Turk?

AUTUMN VERSES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The summer past, what dreams are over!
The incense of the golden meadows
Are torn by tempests, shred by shred;
The rose hath lost her fragrance,
The lily hangs her head—
Dead—dead!

Sounds are in the earth and ether,
Sobs and murmurs half divine;
Blasts beyond man's puny power
Rock the branches of the pine;
Yet one sweet thought bloometh
Through the stormy time—
That thy heart is mine!

Shout, ye winds and thunders!
Pour your floods of gloom!
All must end in sunshine,
That is still your doom,
When the maidens May and April,
In their verdant loom,
Weave bud and bloom.

So, through wild November,
I will dream of beauty,
Till the violets blow;
And should pain meet me
In this world below,
Thou art near, I know,
I know—I know!

NOVEMBER.

A SONNET BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or morns are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer waters are,
And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yes, a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet leaf,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The wintry frosts and winds, and darkened air.

A PERSIAN PRECEPT.

Forgive thy foe—not that alone;
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who have thee none,
And lies the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow,
In meek fragrance, to its doom;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Shed in abundance rich perfume.

THE LIBERATOR.

WOMAN AN ECCLESIASTIC.

LETTER FROM THE REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

Inquiries, written and verbal, are continually made of me, in reference to the position which Woman can occupy in the clerical profession. Particularly, of late, a portion of the public are beginning to manifest a renewed interest in this subject; enough, it would seem, to warrant the statement of a few facts, attested by experience, and yet as little personal as is possible under the circumstances.

About a year and a half since, I was settled as minister of 'The Congregational Church of Butler and Savannah,' Wayne County, N. Y. Early last August, I left, on account of ill-health, expecting to return again in two or three weeks. After twice that time had elapsed, by the advice of physicians and friends, I wrote requesting a dismissal from the church, with the intention of devoting several months to the recruiting of over-taxed energies. Not long since, I returned there to take a public leave of the church and congregation. The sole and only reason for my leaving was ill health. There have been no practical difficulties in the way of a woman's performing the duties of a pastor; and for months past, the fact of my being a clergywoman has attracted much less attention and discussion in South Butler than the simple question of doctrine and opinion.

Ministers belonging to nearly all evangelical and non-evangelical sects have been ready to make an exchange of pulpits. Any woman of medium talents and piety, located as a minister at the present day, would be constantly obliged to decline such exchanges, from far and near. The strong desire to hear a woman preach more than overbalances the disabilities under which she labors in this respect. While some clergy-men would refuse all Christian and ministerial courtesies, others (either because of their own views, or at the solicitation of their congregations) would be doubly anxious to effect an exchange, simply because of the novelty of her position; while she would find it for the interest of her parish to be absent as little as possible, since more or less strangers from a distance are liable to be in her congregation every Sabbath.

The same is true of the number and importance of the calls which she would be likely to receive to be located as pastor. A given amount of talent would make her much more prominent before the public than if she were a gentleman. There would be no difficulty in obtaining a salary amply sufficient to pay her own bills; and if Providence had given her an invalid husband, and several small children, depending upon her for a support, reasoning from analogy, I should say she would be able, as a clergywoman, to provide them with every necessary comfort. But there would still be one drawback to this phase of the subject,—the more orthodox and consistent members of the Society of Friends would close the doors of their meeting-houses against her, as a 'hiring minister.'

Nearly any orthodox woman, possessing the proper mental and moral qualifications, could, it is presumed, obtain as regular and formal an ordination as she chose. Judging from the declaration of a number of clergymen within a few months past, there is a decided change in this respect in favor of ecclesiastical equality, without the favoritism of sex.

This is one side of the picture. There is another. An amount of opposition and misrepresentation of every variety may be expected—sufficient to call for the fullest exercise of Christian patience and philanthropic magnanimity. If all misstatements are not explained and corrected, people will insist that there must be something wrong about it, particularly since it was published in 'our paper'; and yet, every such falsehood partakes of the true Protean character. If you cut it utterly to pieces, every piece will spring up an entire new hydra; each, after this physiological multiplication, more active and vigorous than the original.

South Butler is a little village noted for its variety of religious views and denominations, and for its independent canvassing of all mooted opinions. As a retired spot for an inexperienced preacher to do good and get good, to think carefully and speak freely, it has fully met my expectations. It was sometimes like casting bread upon troubled waters, my heart never faltered on this account. Judged by the size of the congregation, my labors were a marked and continued success. Judged by the cordial support of those who sympathized in my views and position, there is every reason to be gratefully satisfied. Judged by the amount of criticism from opposers, both at home and abroad, it should be looked upon as an emphatic event.

E. G. A village woman runs away from her husband and children in company with a parson. A correspondent, writing of this fact to *The Baptist Register*, taking his cue from this, kindly calls the attention of his readers to the circumstance, and admonishes them that the delinquent woman has escaped from the vicinity of Antoinette Brown's ministrations! Leaving them to draw their own inferences. This watchman has, from the first, been faithful to the duty of crying aloud and sparing not. In this case he was, of course, necessarily ignorant of the fact that the woman in question had never heard me preach or lecture but once, and that I had never spoken to her personally but once, and then only to utter a simple 'How d'ye do, ma'am'; and, moreover, that she was a member of the South Butler Baptist Church, and that the man was actually a Baptist Divinity student.

The literary character of our retired village has taken a decided 'rise. Though there are probably no authors who have attained quite to the dignity of 'penny-a-liners,' the gratuitous contributions to the public journals indicate a very general and growing state of benevolent and philanthropic sentiment. One preacher (a Disciple) writes a succession of letters and pamphlets, in which at one time he informs the public that, so far from my having an audience inconveniently large for the size of our Church, as has been reported in *The Tribune*, that a person who attended once told him that I had only twenty-five hearers. At another time, he places me 'in a fix,' theological, it is presumed, but which finally resolves itself into the grave question of which of us could be most accurate in calling over our English and Greek A, B, C's.

Finally, a Methodist clergyman comes up, all the way from the great city of New York, to dedicate the new Methodist 'model' gem of a church; and informs the readers of *The Christian Advocate* that he writes from 'a place of no little celebrity in the ecclesiastical world,' the parish of the Rev. Antoinette Brown! He adds, 'Antoinette has resigned her charge, I believe, and has retired to private life with her friends near Rochester.' 'She seems not to have succeeded very well as a pastor.' Not the slightest allusion is made to the sole cause of my resigning; but the inference is almost drawn for us, that 'she has failed in preaching, and given it up in discouragement.' That such a statement should be made in a newspaper is not surprising, but that it should have appeared over the real signature of any clergyman, is one of the things for which I am unable to account. Let me say here, in honor and justice to both the Methodist ministers who have been resident at Butler, that they have acted always as Christian gentlemen and brothers; both soliciting an exchange of pulpits, taking part with me at meetings, funerals, and one of them on a communion occasion, precisely as they would have done toward any other pastor of a neighboring church.

But instances enough have been given to illustrate the present attitude of things. Candid and earnest opposition is to be expected, while honest and conscientious men really believe that the Bible excludes woman from the office of the ministry. Such opponents are to be honored and respected—if possible, met with argument and example. It is cheering to be able to say

THE LIBERATOR.

that there are many indications of a growing sentiment in favor of various methods of explaining the teachings of St. Paul upon the position of woman, as there are of interpreting the nature of Jewish slavery.

It is to be expected, too, while human nature is unchanged, that some religious journalists will be very likely to be pointed, personal and cutting in their allusions to 'Rev. Ladies.' They often speak to a point, while mere secular writers are simply aiming at a lavish display of pleasantries and witticisms. *The New York Herald*, for instance, can afford to be affable and complimentary in comparison with some more weighty periodicals. It has no temptation to be otherwise than cheerful matrimonial gossiping, and can afford to do a good deal in that line gratuitously. Whether its applications are false or true, need be of little import in such a connection, since there is no particular reason for a great deal of discrimination. Again: when a regular contributor to *The New York Independent* sees fit to show from the Bible and Matthew Henry, that sending a woman, 'presuming to intrude herself into the office of the Christian ministry,' as a delegate to a public Convention, is altogether an infidel movement, of course *The Independent* is not to be considered as endorsing the opinions of its correspondent. If it sees fit, it has the right, and perhaps it is a duty, to exclude any reply; since it might be wrong to aid in giving any publicity to erroneous opinions.

Permit me now to close, with the entirely personal statement, that I have not retired into private life for any considerable length of time. The lesson, that it is impossible for me to perform an amount of labor sufficient for three men, has been well learned, and it is hoped, to no permanent disadvantage. I am now able to preach and lecture occasionally, and hope in a few months to resume the regular duties of the stated preacher, with a constitution strong enough to give the promise of many years yet—enough to fill up the scriptural measure of human life; and if, by reason of strength, I should attain to fourscore years, there is a good half of a century to be devoted to the one leading purpose of my life—the preaching of what to me appears the Gospel of Truth. It may be well enough for the public to suspend its judgment of failure or success for a few years longer.

As to the oft-raised question of orthodoxy, it is enough to say that, if, as somebody says, 'orthodoxy is my dog, and heterodoxy is every body else's dog,' then I am emphatically orthodox; but if it is a term denoting the popular religion of the day, which has proved itself to be a respecter of persons—it matters not whether it be in regard to color, sex, or condition—then I am declaratively heterodox, and shall hereafter assume to be an Ecclesiastic in Theology.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

Henrietta, Nov. 20, 1854.

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS.

The following we take from the *Spirit Universalist* of October 28. We should have published this statement before, had we room, as we attach much importance to the phases and development of Spiritual life, as seen, felt and heard at Mr. Koons. Within a week we have seen Mr. S. W. Treat, and know from conversation that he carried all his good news to his friends in his investigation of these phenomena at friend Koons'. His testimony, however, is positive and conclusive. Others we have seen, who have thought themselves paid for going from this city to Ohio to see the spiritual wonders of the West. In this connection, we wish the reader to keep in mind, that the investigation of these phenomena in California, in which case the dead body is made to sit up in bed and speak.

The following is the testimony from Mr. Koons'—
'We attended four circles on four different evenings, and had a few sittings in the day time. At these circles, we were allowed to arrange the furniture, and to seat the persons present, in such order as we pleased, and every facility for carefully investigating the spiritual phenomena was afforded us. During the circles, the following facts occurred:—

After the company were seated, the lights were extinguished and the room darkened as much as possible, and in about five minutes the presence of the invisible was manifested by several strong blows on the table, the ceiling, and the walls. These blows were apparently produced by the use of drumsticks, and their power and frequency rendered them exceedingly disagreeable and almost deafening. A reveille was then beat on the drums, which would credit it to experienced drummers. The violin, an old one not worth fifty cents, was tuned. In the process of tuning, the keys slipped in the head a number of times. The bridge also slipped out and fell to the floor, but it was soon replaced on the violin. One of us found fault with the tuning, as it was not on concert pitch, and on his giving the true pitch, the instrument was quickly and accurately tuned, when a number of airs were played on it, not with a bow, but pizzicato. The violin was not on the table during the whole time, but was carried by invisible hands all around the room, now passing near to our heads, now near the ceiling, and now resting on our persons. It was placed on the knees of one of our number, and turned over, so that the strings were on the under side, and while his hands were passing all around it, as to cut off all connection with it, a tune was played. The accordion was played on, not only while it held on the table, but while it was floating through the air through all parts of the room. A number of airs were given through the harmonica with occasional bursts of full harmony. The tambourine was also used, and while moving around the room, the various sounds usually produced by this instrument were heard. At our request, it was placed successfully on one of our heads. It was also passed completely around the circle, and in its way rested on the hands and arms of each of us. We also heard speaking, whistling, and singing through the tin horn. The horn appears to be the chief instrument used by the spirits at their musical entertainments. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of their musical performances. While each of the musical instruments were used, the time was regularly and accurately marked, now on the drums, now on the triangle, now on the tambourine, and with the bell, and now with the use of all combined; and on all music the clapping of hands was simultaneously used, the effect was not merely novel, but highly pleasing. While this concert of music was being given, articulate words were heard from the horn, indicating that one of the invisibles presided over the others, and directed the arrangements. Through the music, many amusing and interesting comments on the instruments, the musicians and their music were made, sometimes commendatory, and sometimes severely criticizing.

The manner of using the horn deserves notice. Before using it for speech, it would be raised into the air, then a sentence would be distinctly articulated through it, when it would fall to the table. When we asked any questions, as we did repeatedly, the horn would rise, the answer be given, and the horn again fall to the table. At our request, they extended the horn to us, and allowed us to take hold of the large end of it, when, at the same time, conversation was directed through it to us. We observed that, after the horn had been used a few moments, the small end was sensibly warmer than the large end. One of us remarked that we had heard it said that spirits had the power to exhibit a spirit hand so as to be distinctly seen by natural eyes, and that we doubted their ability to do so. Presently, a sand paper was covered with phosphorus, producing a strong, clear, and steady light, which revealed to us a hand disconnected with any mortal body. The phosphorus paper was taken between the thumb and fingers of the spirit, and carried to all parts of the room, now rising to the ceiling out of our reach, now passing repeatedly and slowly around the circle within a few inches of our faces, thus giving each and all of us an opportunity to examine it. All portions of the hand were distinctly visible in the phosphorescent light, and to all appearance were perfectly natural. We then requested that a communication might be written to us by the hand on some paper which we furnished. Through the horn it was said, 'We have no pencil—can we borrow one?' One of us reached a pencil, and the hand, still holding the phosphorus paper, came and took

THE LIBERATOR.

the paper from her hand, and wrote the following:—

'To the FRIENDS FROM CLEVELAND:—
Spirits who produce manifestations in this room, write these lines for the sake of convincing you of their varied power, and for the sake of removing doubts that exist, not only in your minds, but in the minds of spiritualists generally, on this subject. If the friends from Cleveland will read these lines, and cause them to be published, peradventure it may be instrumental in removing existing doubts, and in convincing skeptics that spirits, who once inhabited mortal bodies, still live, and can and do hold intercourse with the inhabitants of earth.'

While the above was written, the phosphorus light was so strong, that we could all see distinctly the hand and every mark made on the paper with the pencil. It was written in less than half the time any of us could have written it, and was then handed to one of us. We then requested that we might be allowed to touch the spirit-hand. Instantly it passed to the head of the circle, and while still holding the phosphorus paper, passed around and shook hands with all. The skeptic and believer alike received the proffered hand. It was a perfect hand, at least as perfect as our own. It was as tangible and as real as a human hand, and yet we had the most unmistakable proofs that it was not human. We witnessed and heard what other wonderful manifestations, but to state them all would be tedious. Mention should however be made of the vocalizing through the harmonica. While we heard tunes from it, we also heard words spoken and sung through it, and always in unison with the notes of the tunes. The words were sometimes hymns of praise, coming from a distant source, and at times the willinger in our memory while life and scenes shall last, inspiring in us, we hope, a purer and more ardent devotion to the cause of freedom and humanity. And may we not hope that others also will catch a new inspiration from the dying message of our departed friend?

'MIND THE SLAVE!'
Her injunction to 'MIND THE SLAVE' comes to us as the dying admonition of one whose life was a beautiful exemplification of the duty and the privilege thus enjoined. It imposes, indeed, a new obligation; but, coming from a source, it will linger in our memory while life and its scenes shall last, inspiring in us, we hope, a purer and more ardent devotion to the cause of freedom and humanity. And may we not hope that others also will catch a new inspiration from the dying message of our departed friend?

'MIND THE SLAVE!'
ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN AND AMERICAN WOMEN. The following contrast is by a recent tourist:—

'The English woman is respectful and proud; the French woman is gay and agreeable; the Italian woman is ardent and passionate; the American woman is sincere and affectionate. With an English woman, you are in a principled world; with a French woman it is a caprice; with an Italian it is passion; with an American it is sentiment. A man is married to an English lady; is united to a French woman; cohabits with an Italian; and is wedded to an American. An English woman is anxious to secure a lord; a French woman a companion; an Italian a lover; and an American a husband. The Englishman respects his lady; the Frenchman esteems his companion; the Italian adores his mistress; the American loves his wife. At night the Englishman returns to his house; the Frenchman to his establishment; the Italian to his retreat; the American to his home. When an Englishman is sick his lady visits him; when a Frenchman is sick his mistress pities him; when an Italian is sick his mistress sighs over him; when an American is sick his wife nurses him. When an Englishman dies his lady is bereaved; when a Frenchman dies his companion grieves; when an Italian dies his mistress laments; when an American dies his wife mourns. An Englishwoman instructs her offspring; a French woman teaches her progeny; an Italian rears her young; an American educates her child.'

Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, the celebrated Irish commentator upon the American Constitution, intimates his intention of leaving this country in disgust, if matters are not managed to his mind. When he came here to enlighten our ignorance, and expound our fundamental law, he expected to be treated as a philosopher, guide and friend, and to come in for a share of the silver pitchers and cast feasts. We know the direction of his most eager aspirations. He particularly wanted a cotton plantation and a plenty of negroes. He was disappointed. But Mr. John Mitchell is a disappointed man. He has performed his share of the work—he has expounded our Constitution, but he is yet vigorous and landless. Indeed, his chance of getting the coveted acres and the much desired gang grows daily smaller, for the naughty King Nothing has arisen, and Mitchell, about a self-declared Doctor of American law, is a Mileston. He therefore intimates that his departure is not improbable; he is going to Spain or Russia. Let him go, for he is needed there—here he is not needed. We can struggle on without him—in doubt, perhaps, and sometimes in despair, but still we can struggle on.—*Boston Atlas*.

CAMBRIDGE. In a critical notice of that weak and wicked book, 'A South-Side View of Slavery,' by Rev. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, the *Anti-Slavery Standard* says:—
The following little incident (p. 205) is a first rate specimen of simplicity or art, in the narrative and good evidence of sagacious reading of character on the part of a slave. Dr. Adams had been 'speaking of heaven' to one of the slaves in the woods, and then 'ventured to put the question whether he would like to be free.'
Good reader, did you ever see Dr. Adams? Fancy such a question, so preface, proceeding from his solemn and intensely clerical countenance, supported by a white neck-cloth, and (even if he had not just come from dining with the master, at the great house) what answer could you rationally expect from the ordinary amount of sagacity, and the ordinary reverence for truth, which a slave requires on a plantation? Here is his answer:—
'Twisting the withs of old grape vines around the ends of rails in mending a fence, he thought a moment, turned his face towards me, while he held a nail, half-inch, in its place, and emphasizing his words with motions of his head, he replied, cast his word being deliberately separated from the rest: "I want to be free from my sins; them's all my burden; and if I can get that, the balance of the rest may go from me." After leaving him, Mr. Adams heard his voice raised in a *psalm tune*. He thought that there the person met his match. If that slave was planning an eloquent before-morning, he had thoroughly provided against any suspicion that night.

That new poet of the *Buffalo Republican* has again astonished the country with one of his stirring inspirations. Hear him:—
A ADDRESS TO LAKE ERY.
Misty stream. How your bosom swells and pants,
And how you rip thine. How wet you look, eh!
What 'airs' you put on when you get to blowing!
Yes—in September, how proud you are,
You can raise the wind, and kick up rows
And fight the shore, and tear away lumber
Yards! (that you need to erect.) But your staid
How do you like that breakwater, you old fiend!
Doesn't that keep you respectable, and put
Straps in your pants? Don't that stick in your crop?
I expect they give you 'piles' when they put that there?
Why don't you try to fill up the canal?
I should think you would catch cold, being made
Of such damp stuff.

Who are you, any how?
What's going to come of you? You found out—
Your going to leak out over the Falls.
That's what you needn't be afraid of, cause you're
Nothing but rain-water, in spite of your hairs,
You have to borrow from other lakes to keep
Yourself from getting dry. Hey, you old bankrupt!
Misty stream, a doo!

A genius in the Knickerbocker magazine tries his hand at the following, as follows:—
ADDRESS TO THE ZAR.
QUESTIONS OF HIM.
Hail to thee, Zar of Russia! How do you feel,
Now that the Allies have both got on top of you,
A-pummeling! your bread-baskets more'n you like,
As McNeill did to McNeill before they fit?
Are you 'n' Austria in collusion together?
About Molloy David and the Wallack Provinces?
Is it 'n' it all gummum on both of your parts?
Say, you noughtyest of all the Russies,
Do you 'speak to hold out long agin' the Allies,
Victoria and Holy Napoleon? Ain't you afraid
That Wretched Pashaw alone 'll give you fits?
Come down, what then? He's 'n' it all gummum on
Cope in less than a minute, by my watch!

DEATH OF A NOBLE WOMAN.
Just as our paper is going to press, there comes to us intelligence of the death of our beloved and revered friend, ESTHER MOORE, widow of the late Dr. Robert Moore, of Philadelphia. She expired on Tuesday morning, Nov. 21st, of gout of the heart, after a short but painful illness, in the 80th year of her age.

The writer of this first became acquainted with her in 1836, and at various times since then, has met her at anti-slavery meetings, or in familiar intercourse at her own house. Her most remarkable traits of character were, an intense hatred of oppression in all its forms, a corresponding love for the oppressed, an untiring devotion to their welfare, and a courage that never quailed before any obstacles, however formidable. Her zeal in behalf of the anti-slavery cause, and especially in the cause of fugitive slaves, that absorbed all the powers of her noble nature—was a perpetual rebuke to the comparative coldness and indifference of those around her. We well remember how her soul was fired with a righteous indignation when upwards of thirty innocent persons, most of them colored people, were thrown into prison in Philadelphia, upon a charge of treason for their alleged participation in the tragedy at Christ Church. Day after day did she visit the prisoners in their cells, to minister to their wants and cheer them in their sorrow; and during the progress of Hanway's trial, her constant presence in the courtroom, and her frequent interpositions from the rest of the household, after a short but painful illness, in the 80th year of her age.

As a member of the Society of Friends, she lamented the guilty supineness of that body in regard to the question of slavery, and often, in its meetings, as well as in private intercourse, felt herself constrained to utter the language of expro-

THE LIBERATOR.

tulation and rebuke. In this, as in other relations of life, she was obedient to the revelation of God in her own soul, and a worthy example of fidelity to her convictions of duty.

Her step-son, J. Wilson Moore, in a letter to us announcing her decease, says:—

'Among the last injunctions she gave was "Write to [Olive] Johnson, and tell him I die firm in the faith!"'
'MIND THE SLAVE!'

'She had enjoyed excellent health the last few years, and continued actively engaged in works of benevolence. During the last few weeks, she had devoted much time and labor to the collection of funds for the liberation of ten slaves in North Carolina, who had been promised their freedom at a comparatively small amount.'

'Notwithstanding her great bodily suffering, her mind was clear to the last, expressing her full assurance of Divine approbation in the course she had taken.'

This is all that we can say now of the life of our revered and never-to-be-forgotten friend. Perhaps some one who knew her more intimately than we did, and who is better acquainted with the history of her life and labors, will furnish us with a more complete sketch. If so, we shall publish it with great satisfaction.

'Happy! ay, happy! let her ashes rest;
Her heart was honest, and she died her best;
In storm and darkness, evil and dimmy,
The star of duty was her guiding ray.'

Her injunction to 'MIND THE SLAVE' comes to us as the dying admonition of one whose life was a beautiful exemplification of the duty and the privilege thus enjoined. It imposes, indeed, a new obligation; but, coming from a source, it will linger in our memory while life and its scenes shall last, inspiring in us, we hope, a purer and more ardent devotion to the cause of freedom and humanity. And may we not hope that others also will catch a new inspiration from the dying message of our departed friend?

'MIND THE SLAVE!'
ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN AND AMERICAN WOMEN. The following contrast is by a recent tourist:—

'The English woman is respectful and proud; the French woman is gay and agreeable; the Italian woman is ardent and passionate; the American woman is sincere and affectionate. With an English woman, you are in a principled world; with a French woman it is a caprice; with an Italian it is passion; with an American it is sentiment. A man is married to an English lady; is united to a French woman; cohabits with an Italian; and is wedded to an American. An English woman is anxious to secure a lord; a French woman a companion; an Italian a lover; and an American a husband. The Englishman respects his lady; the Frenchman esteems his companion; the Italian adores his mistress; the American loves his wife. At night the Englishman returns to his house; the Frenchman to his establishment; the Italian to his retreat; the American to his home. When an Englishman is sick his lady visits him; when a Frenchman is sick his mistress pities him; when an Italian is sick his mistress sighs over him; when an American is sick his wife nurses him. When an Englishman dies his lady is bereaved; when a Frenchman dies his companion grieves; when an Italian dies his mistress laments; when an American dies his wife mourns. An Englishwoman instructs her offspring; a French woman teaches her progeny; an Italian rears her young; an American educates her child.'

Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, the celebrated Irish commentator upon the American Constitution, intimates his intention of leaving this country in disgust, if matters are not managed to his mind. When he came here to enlighten our ignorance, and expound our fundamental law, he expected to be treated as a philosopher, guide and friend, and to come in for a share of the silver pitchers and cast feasts. We know the direction of his most eager aspirations. He particularly wanted a cotton plantation and a plenty of negroes. He was disappointed. But Mr. John Mitchell is a disappointed man. He has performed his share of the work—he has expounded our Constitution, but he is yet vigorous and landless. Indeed, his chance of getting the coveted acres and the much desired gang grows daily smaller, for the naughty King Nothing has arisen, and Mitchell, about a self-declared Doctor of American law, is a Mileston. He therefore intimates that his departure is not improbable; he is going to Spain or Russia. Let him go, for he is needed there—here he is not needed. We can struggle on without him—in doubt, perhaps, and sometimes in despair, but still we can struggle on.—*Boston Atlas*.

CAMBRIDGE. In a critical notice of that weak and wicked book, 'A South-Side View of Slavery,' by Rev. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, the *Anti-Slavery Standard* says:—
The following little incident (p. 205) is a first rate specimen of simplicity or art, in the narrative and good evidence of sagacious reading of character on the part of a slave. Dr. Adams had been 'speaking of heaven' to one of the slaves in the woods, and then 'ventured to put the question whether he would like to be free.'
Good reader, did you ever see Dr. Adams? Fancy such a question, so preface, proceeding from his solemn and intensely clerical countenance, supported by a white neck-cloth, and (even if he had not just come from dining with the master, at the great house) what answer could you rationally expect from the ordinary amount of sagacity, and the ordinary reverence for truth, which a slave requires on a plantation? Here is his answer:—
'Twisting the withs of old grape vines around the ends of rails in mending a fence, he thought a moment, turned his face towards me, while he held a nail, half-inch, in its place, and emphasizing his words with motions of his head, he replied, cast his word being deliberately separated from the rest: "I want to be free from my sins; them's all my burden; and if I can get that, the balance of the rest may go from me." After leaving him, Mr. Adams heard his voice raised in a *psalm tune*. He thought that there the person met his match. If that slave was planning an eloquent before-morning, he had thoroughly provided against any suspicion that night.

That new poet of the *Buffalo Republican* has again astonished the country with one of his stirring inspirations. Hear him:—
A ADDRESS TO LAKE ERY.
Misty stream. How your bosom swells and pants,
And how you rip thine. How wet you look, eh!
What 'airs' you put on when you get to blowing!
Yes—in September, how proud you are,
You can raise the wind, and kick up rows
And fight the shore, and tear away lumber
Yards! (that you need to erect.) But your staid
How do you like that breakwater, you old fiend!
Doesn't that keep you respectable, and put
Straps in your pants? Don't that stick in your crop?
I expect they give you 'piles' when they put that there?
Why don't you try to fill up the canal?
I should think you would catch cold, being made
Of such damp stuff.

Who are you, any how?
What's going to come of you? You found out—
Your going to leak out over the Falls.
That's what you needn't be afraid of, cause you're
Nothing but rain-water, in spite of your hairs,
You have to borrow from other lakes to keep
Yourself from getting dry. Hey, you old bankrupt!
Misty stream, a doo!

A genius in the Knickerbocker magazine tries his hand at the following, as follows:—
ADDRESS TO THE ZAR.
QUESTIONS OF HIM.
Hail